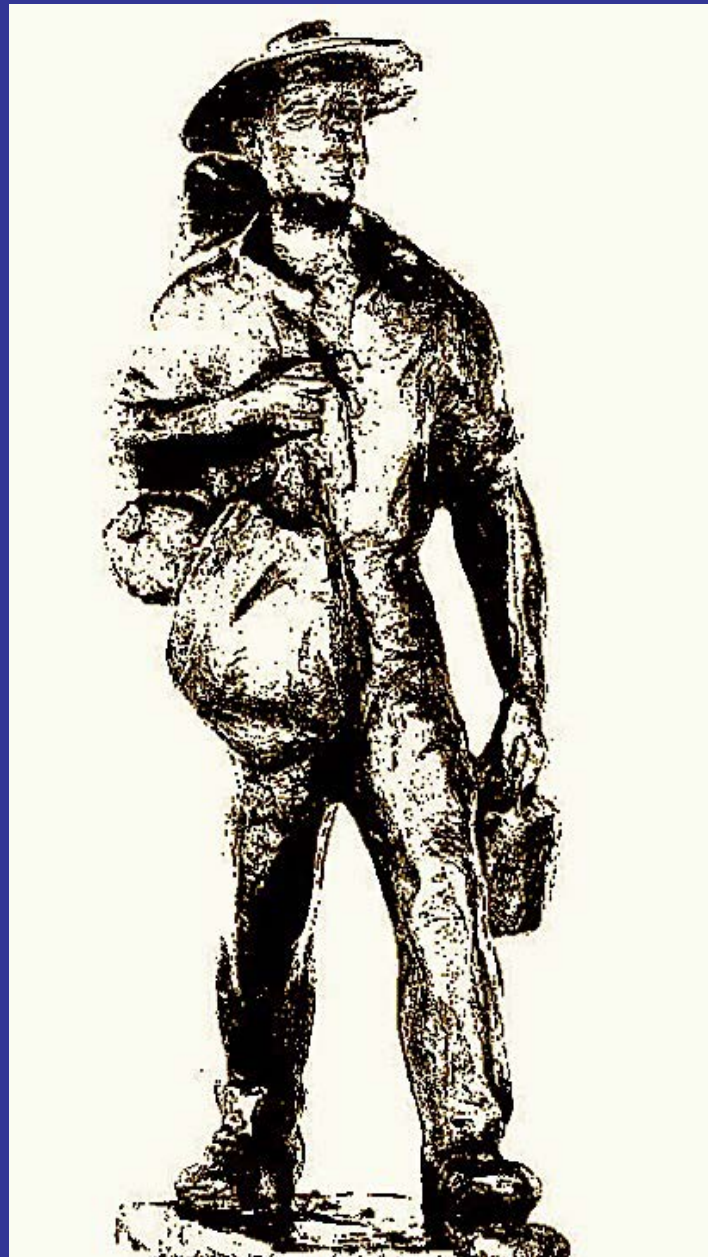


ABPA



Australian Bush Poets Association
Volume 29 No. 4 August/September 2023



Bronze Swagman Results
2023

President's Report

It is a relief to have passed the shortest day and be heading to warmer times.

Meg Gordon (ABPA Secretary) is in Derby and informs us that things are good in the top end (see WA report elsewhere.)

Australian bush poetry is in a very strong position as the first bush poetry festival held recently in Linville Qld attests .It was well attended and a real success with organisers having to limit the number of competing poets to fourteen per section.

NSW is planning their first State Bush Poetry Competition for a number of years in Guyra ("Poets on The Mountain Festival") on the 16th to 19th of November so keep an eye on our website.

The Victorian Bush Poets and Musicians Association are holding a Statewide gathering at Broken Creek on the 15th and 16th of October with a view to future State Championships if it is a success.

I hope everyone is keeping well and warm and we will reconvene in the Springtime.

Tim Sheed
ABPA President



Onwards and Upwards for
Bush Poetry
Tim Sheed

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Next Magazine Deadline is September 27th 2023

The Tale of Molly Riley

© Catherine Lee

Winner Bronze Swagman Award 2023

She lived alone at Wombat Creek and tended to her garden,
a convict girl who'd since secured a governmental pardon.
They said she had the gift of sight with stars and moon to guide her,
a healing touch - though others swore the devil lived inside her.
But seek her out they did and came to warily respect her,
while legends grew round Molly and her lack of male protector.
Her cabin lay a mile from town amid lush vegetation -
she spent her time alone and in medicinal creation.

The only blight on Molly was unwelcome keen attention,
a guard named Gerald Rickman she'd rebuffed while in detention.
An arrogant and brutal boor who threatened, teased and taunted -
avoiding his advances, she continued on undaunted.
Though often he would visit speaking words of false assurance,
she suffered him reluctantly with cordial endurance.
The false facade masked plain desire for merciless seduction,
his smirk of insincerity the essence of corruption.

The outlaw Billy Moyes possessed a horse of great devotion,
so one day when it sickened he approached to seek a potion.
The moment Molly met him they were bound in love forever,
the kind that neither human, beast nor law could hope to sever.
Despite a heavy bounty on his head for cattle stealing,
he risked his life to visit her, could not deny his feeling.
He'd softly whistle through the trees beyond the jacaranda,
and Molly's arms would greet him on her fragrant dark veranda.

Then came that fateful night when Rickman, drunk and feeling frisky,
injected with an evil purpose thanks to malted whisky,
went trotting out to Wombat Creek in search of satisfaction
determined on a brutal path of shameful, wicked action.
The gentle glow of moonlight made the forest seem to shimmer,
and vague disquiet stroked him in resulting ghostly glimmer,
but shaking off his caution at self-pleasure he'd soon render,
he kicked his horse and trampled through the verdant shadowed splendour.

The noise awakened Molly and she grabbed a weapon quickly—
a poisoned blade she kept inside—her breath came fast and thickly.
He squashed her foxgloves, slashed through ivy, wintergreen and roses,
while flattened lilies launched accusing perfume at their noses.
At first she watched impassively, regarding Rickman coldly.
Contempt transformed her features as he lurched towards her boldly,
dismounting and approaching with disdain and coarse berating -
she smelt his lust for power, felt his anger emanating.

A dingo howled, a dry twig snapped, she heard the trickling water
as suddenly he grabbed her by the hair and roughly caught her.
"Enough of all these games, you witch! Don't struggle any faster.
Your sorcery means nothing now, I'll show you who's the master!"
The blade had fallen down to earth to land amongst the nettle,
while Rickman gripped her forcefully, an ancient score to settle.
The glazed expression in his eyes made Molly feel defeated -
she knew he'd not release her though she tearfully entreated.



A whip cracked loudly through the air and landed with precision!
Her arm was dropped - she watched surprise take over harsh derision.
"No Billy, don't!" she yelled, then watched the look of consternation
on Rickman's face convert to glee at this new situation.
The outlaw Billy Moyes would bring a bounty few could better -
he couldn't miss this chance because he'd never get one better.
With narrowed eyes now boring into Billy's blue and steely,
the loathing there was palpable and flowed between them freely.

They circled like two animals in seething detestation,
the night alive with malice and a common desperation.
This stand-off lasted moments then they clashed in bitter fighting,
determined on conclusive course of absolute requiting.
When Rickman drew his gun, she couldn't stand it any longer
for Molly knew the weapon made his chances so much stronger,
and sure enough, he aimed and fired and since the gun was loaded
it stained the eucalyptus red as Billy's chest exploded.

A blinding rage took hold and Molly scrambled for her dagger -
as blood gushed forth, she watched the guard recoil in shock and stagger.
He screamed his fury, cursed her as the devil's evil strumpet,
then fell to earth amongst the thriving, toxic angel's trumpet.
With Rickman slowly dying Molly focussed full attention
on Billy's fatal wound, her world in horrified suspension.
She cradled him and watched the light within his eyes receding,
but tried in vain to will him back to life and staunch the bleeding.

With dawn's arrival Molly sat alone on her veranda,
her heart in pieces, underneath the fragrant jacaranda.
Her tears fell ceaselessly to earth as heedless of her garden
she dwelt upon the fact that this time round there'd be no pardon.
Although they said she had the gift, yet nothing could recover
the life of her beloved Billy - ally, friend and lover.
So seek her out they would and take her back for condemnation,
the gallows as her destiny, the noose her last sensation.

She watched them riding through the gums with rifles at the ready,
while grasping Billy's lifeless arms for strength to keep her steady,
recalling as she looked around the way she'd once meander
through paths of cycads, larkspur, golden dewdrop, oleander.
The gentle susurrations in the trees and shrubs appeased her.
Serenity prevailed as that oasis calmed and pleased her.
No witnesses could clear her name—she faced complete dishonour—
she resolutely raised her glass and drank the belladonna.

Now no-one lives at Wombat Creek, the garden lies untended,
while cobwebs drape the wooden porch and nothing has been mended.
An eerie shroud of silence cloaks the cabin in the clearing
and superstitious dread descends on all who may be nearing.
Remaining blooms are overgrown, the dying foxgloves drooping,
while angel trumpets waft in wild profusion where they're stooping
as if to mourn a girl destroyed by man devoid of honour -
and every slightest breeze transports the scent of belladonna.



THE COST OF HEALTHCARE

© John Bidgood

My knees are long gone, they are all worn out
The bow in my legs looks like a roundabout
I have pain in the day, I have pain in the night
It is cruel and unbearable; I don't think it's right

My cartilage is gone, it's just bone on bone
My wife goes crook, she says all I do is moan
When I had two good knees my pace it was slow
Now I have bowlegs, I need a jigger to make me go

So off to the doctor, my bowlegs slowly walked
He said "With knees like that, you look like a dork"
"But with a knife and titanium I will straighten them again"
"I will make you three inches taller and free of any pain"

"That would be a great idea" I said "When do we begin"
He said "When you pay me thirty grand, I will book you in"
"Thirty grand" I coughed "I don't want your house as well"
"Just new knees to keep me going, I reckon would be swell"

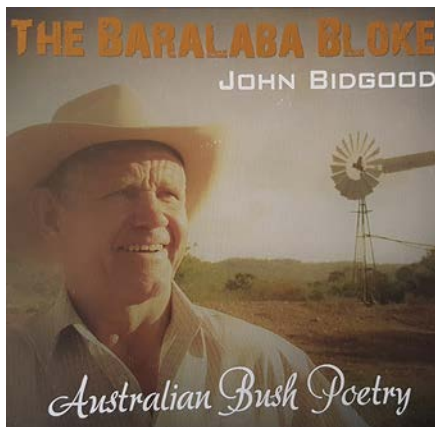
Yes, thirty grand plus the Mater Hospital room recovery fees
One thousand a night, the pain in my knees was starting to ease
He said "Five grand would see you home after five nights"
I thought thirty-five grand for two knees did not seem right

But he had not finished with me yet, I would have more pain to bear
The anaesthetist was going to be ten grand, that would be his share
Then there were a few incidentals that I should also name
GST at 10% for the government was another tax, what a shame

Close on fifty grand just to walk straight once again
Isn't it funny how money will sometimes ease the pain?
So, I am still walking with a big bow between my knees
I shook the doctor's hand I gave it a bloody hard squeeze

I said "I will see you around maybe in a few years' time"
"I am going to rob a bank; I am going to commit a crime"
"To pay for two new knees I will be too old to appreciate"
"This expensive health system has surely sealed my fate"

So tell me why do we pay premiums of six thousand a year
When the gap payment is bigger than a politician's rear
We get ripped off with cigarette's with fuel and with beer
But the biggest rip off of all is when our body needs new gear



THE UNEMPLOYED

© John Bidgood

What happened to the worker, the tan Australian lad?
Men that made this country from kids to their granddad
We need them on the fruit farms and the veggie patch as well
Don't sit at home and pick your nose and think that it is swell

The fruit and veggies are left rotting on the ground
The farmer has no helpers, no workers can be found
Rope in some South Sea Islanders, some Kiwis from New Zealand
The produce is rotting in the fields, the farmers are all reeling

What happened to our unemployed looking for a job?
Jobseeker keeping them at home, they don't need a bob
Our government gives them top-ups, why would they work?
Money for cigarettes, beer and weed, Oh, what a good lurk

With Australia's debt growing and farmers going broke
The unemployed sit at home sucking on a smoke
They get money every fortnight with no sweat at all
They throw a party every night, they have themselves a ball

Our priorities as a growing country are so very, very wrong
Paying unemployed to stay at home, it's not where they belong
Get Australia's economy moving, get them off their bum
Take away the dole and fruit picking they will come

Without jobseeker keeping their beer glasses full
Paying for cigarettes and weed, I tell you no bull
We are breeding a generation, as soft as melted snow
The lads today they have no oomph, they have no up and go

Why bring in outside workers, we have the labourers here
Without the dole they will not have cigarettes, weed or beer
Get them picking strawberries, watermelons, and lettuce too
Mangoes, oranges and lemons, any fruit or veg will do

We need to get the unemployed searching for some work
Not sit at home and count the dole just being a bloody jerk
In times of need Australians stood up to keep Australia great
Let's all get in and do our share to curb the unemployment rate



Reflecting on Henry

© Narelle Stoll

I took a turn and meandered down,
Old George Street, Sydney one day.
Twixt Bathurst and Market Street,
my thoughts began to sway.
If Henry was walking beside me,
I pondered what he might say.
About the faces that confronted us,
during the walk that day.

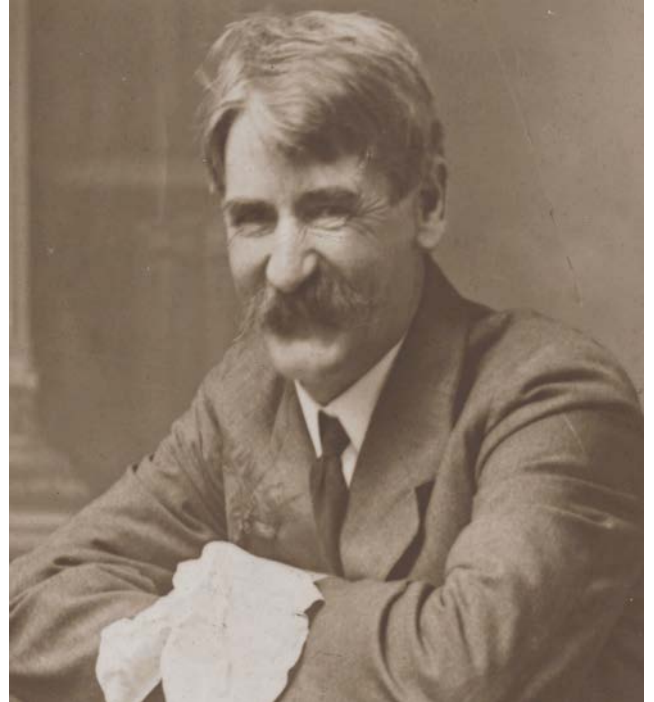
Of the Ukrainians in their yellow and blue,
on the steps at the Town Hall.
Pleading with the government, to release a "Hawkei".
So, the war could end for all.
Of the statue of Queen Victoria,
a remnant from imperial days.
That would have provoked from Henry,
an internal inner rage.

Of the charity workers hawking their cause,
for the RSPCA.
To the Christians boldly holding up a sign,
of "Jesus is the Way."
To the homeless woman standing silently within,
the shadow of the CBA.
Holding out her tin, to those passing by.
In the hope of a better day.

To the seller of the "Big Issue".
Selling the news of the day.
That included an article, about helping the homeless.
By applying the "Functional Zero" way.
Which involved the cooperation of agencies,
to ensure they were housed and fed.
I wondered what Henry, would have thought of this.
When he was in need of a bed?

To Shyan Tonga musician,
busking at the corner of Market Street.
His sweet harmonies seemed to calm,
of those standing before his feet.
As he softly sang the Al Green tune of,
*"Let us all stay together.
Whether times are good or bad,
happy or sad."*

In the evening as I was returning home.
I was drenched from the torrential rain.
That appeared in my eyes, was doing its best,
to wash away the pain.
Of rising interest rates, costs of living and a never-ending war.
I again turned my thoughts to Henry and wondered what he saw.
In the weary souls at Petersham, in Trafalgar and Terminus Street.
That became his muses, for the Faces in the Street.



Ferry Boat Serenade

© Ted Logan

*"I love to ride a ferry,
Where the music is so merry.
There's a man that plays a concertina
In the moonlit upper deck arena.
Life is like a mardi gras
Funiculi, funicular.
Happy with the ferry boat serenade."
(Folk song from Naples)*

The ferries eulogised in this song
Criss-crossing Naples Bay
To Capri and Ischia,
Where honeymooners stay
Three thousand years of Roman rule
Suffuse the shores of each island jewel.

We too have ferries of repute
To mention here my favourite four –
From Cape Jervis to K.I.
Backstairs Passage to Penneshaw
Chugging across the choppy strait
Kangaroo Island to anticipate.

The Raymond Island ferry,
Winched by hawser cross Lake King,
From Paynesville Yachting Centre
And freight and families bring.
"No bridge required," was their conclusion
– Local folk loved their seclusion.

The Sydney Harbour ferries
To Manly and the Zoo,
Taking commuters to their workplace,
And tourists for the view.
Darling Harbour and Luna Park
Party boats for after dark.

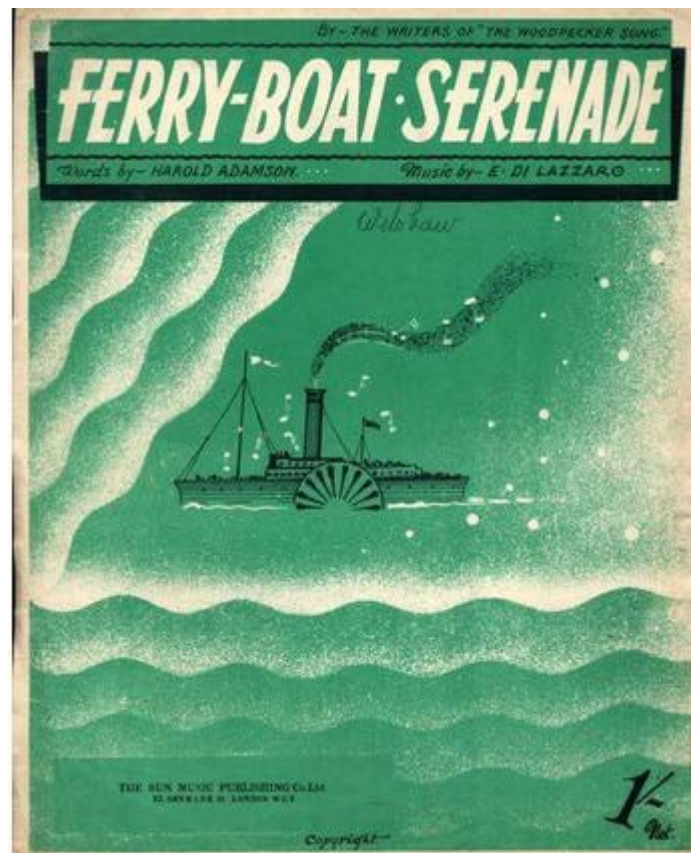
The 'Spirit of Tassie,' board with a smile,
Connects Hobsons Bay to the Apple Isle;
Honeymooners mix and mingle,
Pleased they are no longer single,
Disembark at Devonport
Gateway to this prized resort.

Cars and utes and caravans;
Trailers, trucks and campervans;
No music of a concertina
Was played on the upper deck cantina
– Just a winning pokie tune,
To disturb the afternoon.

A shipboard romance is commonplace,
Shipboard weddings are rare;
The captain cannot solemnise
A marriage, au contraire!
Only a registered marriage man
Or female celebrant, legally can.

A wedding on the Bass Strait ferry
Happy to participate.
Parked my car near Station Pier,
And boarded to officiate.
As was the custom, the bride was late!
The groom in a highly nervous state.

"ALL ASHORE THAT'S GOING ASHORE!"
The newly minted husband and wife
Were travelling on to Devonport
To commence their married life.
And those remaining disembark
To arrive home before the dark.



The two poems this month were successful in the Cloncurry Prize (Junior) 2023. The theme was 'Outback Heroes' cloncurryprize@cloncurry.qld.gov.au

Our Poetry Kids

with Brenda Joy

2nd Place 2023 Cloncurry Junior OUTBACK HEROES LIVE FOREVER by Eloise Brown

Outback Australia, over time,
had many brave heroes,
Understandably, they can't be written
in a few rows.
There are people who changed our land,
all worthy civilians,
Bushrangers like Ned Kelly,
could be heroes or villains.
Afghan cameleers walked supplies,
across the desert plains,
Coming to mind is Waltzing Matilda,
his ghost remains.
Kingsford Smith should be mentioned,
for his flights across the land,
How about John Flynn, who watched
his RFDS expand?
Explorers should be mentioned,
Bourke and Wills to name a few,
RM Williams was successful, in a business or two.
Our indigenous Australians,
took care of their outback,
Every settler found life hard,
living on a dusty track.
Stockmen rode for miles away,
chasing cattle with a whip,
Living in shallow creeks, is the legendary bunyip.
I know there are more heroes,
that indeed need a mention,
Victorious soldiers from the outback,
served their nation.
Engineers shaped the outback,
with their vast working knowledge,
Forestry workers cleared land,
for timber and foliage.
Outback heroes needed women,
to be there by their side,
Religious heroes stayed to pray,
good service they provide.
Every person in the outback,
found life extremely tough,
Various people did not make it,
it was just too rough.
Exceptional folk made the outback,
in their unique way,
Rightfully we name them,
the Outback Heroes of today.

© 2023 Eloise Brown (at age 13)

3rd Place 2023 Cloncurry Junior IN THE HEART OF THE OUTBACK by Jayden Sherwood

In the heart of the outback,
where the sun beats down,
Where the red dust settles,
and the trees are brown,
There's a spirit of courage
that burns bright and true,
For the heroes of Cloncurry, who knew what to do.

They rode through the heat,
through the dust and the wind,
With a steadfast determination,
and a heart that never bend,
For they were the ones who answered the call,
To help their fellow man, to never let them fall.

Through floods and droughts,
through fire and strife,
They stood strong and brave, to save a life,
They worked day and night,
without rest or reprieve,
For the people they served,
they would never leave.

They were the unsung heroes,
of the Cloncurry land,
With their courage and strength, they took a stand,
For the love of their community, they risked it all,
And we'll forever remember, their heroic call.

So let us honour these brave souls,
For their unwavering spirit, and their selfless goals,
For they are the heroes, of the Cloncurry outback,
And we'll forever be grateful,
for all that they have done and still do.

2023 Jayden Sherwood (at age 14)

Judge's Comments Outback Heroes Live Forever

A very clever acrostic poem which acknowledges so many people who have contributed heroically to the formation of the unique character of outback society today. I really like your expansive title. Thank you.

Judge's Comments In the Heart of the Outback

Your rhyme and metre poem has a lovely flow. The subject matter of your poem is relevant and well portrayed. The poem really brings out the hardships which people of the outback endure with the "...spirit of courage..." that sees them through. Thank you.

Both Poems have been prepublished on the Cloncurry website.

DERBY.

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA

WA BUSH POETS drag **BOB MAGOR**
out of retirement for
DERBY BUSH POETS BREAKFAST

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.



Cait Westlake from Broome



Sam Lovell from Derby
never fails to entertain
with his yarns



Enjoying the Derby Races (l to r) Bill Gordon, Meg Gordon, Bob Magor, Beryl Magor.

Win or lose, it was a fun day.



Cobber Lethbridge
has been going to
Derby almost every
year for 25 years



Dave Morrell
travels from
Broome to
participate

The weekend in Derby begins with the Races where a small field of horses caused much excitement for the punters. It was a beautiful day weather wise as is usually the case. The Derby community comes out in force each year with fashions of the field for all ages, supported by local businesses.

Derby managed to survive the big floods up through the Fitzroy River area, the locals pulling together for six weeks of isolation until the water flowed away.

Derby Bush Poets ran the Bush Poets Breakfast on Sunday after the races for 20 years, with the support of the local CWA. As with all events such as this the stalwarts become a bit tired!

WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Association have been supporting this event since 2018, managing to run it from our base down south for the last couple of years. This lead to needing a new venue and the Derby Sportsmans Club offered their club rooms which was much appreciated. A picturesque setting among pots of Desert Rose was a great stage for poetry presentation.

Local poets and yarnspinners always supported by the poets from down south and this year was no exception.

Local vet Dave Morrell who did very well at the recent National Performance Championships in Orange was there with his very amusing tales of events around the bush.

A welcome addition to the line up was local Poet Cait Westlake who wrote a very interesting poem about her father, Frank McAlary, the famous Dancing Man on the one dollar coin.

Other poets who participated were Alan Aitken, Meg Gordon MC, Bill Gordon.



Alan Aitken in action at local
caravan park



Kids at Barn Hill helping Bill Gordon
with Triantiwontigongolope



At left, Ginger Cox.
Bill and Meg Gordon
had the privilege of
going to Beagle Bay
while in Broome as
guests of Ginger and his
wife Marie. Now we
know what bluebone
looks like!

Green canvas bundle on the ground, a coat of morning dew;
the bundle shakes, something's inside - a head pops into view.
A long low sigh, intake of breath; a stretch and then he moans.
Covers cast he sits upright, rubs his back and groans.

Now he's dressed - pulls on his boots facing the eastern gleam.
A little walk. Ablutions done as gold begins to beam.
On his way back he picks some twigs and tinder with a smile.
Then reverently he shapes the build - ignites his little pile.

The fire's lit, and slowly grows; he knows this all takes time.
Adds bigger sticks. The billy's placed and flaming fingers climb
up around it's edge - the sizzling stoked by fiery darts.
A measured hand of tea is tossed in as the boiling starts.

He sets the billy down beside the fire to let it steep
then taps it twice with a stick he picked out from the heap.
The tea-leaves settle, he smiles again (yes, patience is the key)
Then dips his mug straight in the can for his first cup of tea.

Hands wrapped 'round his hearty mug and taking in the view
of grassy bank and rippling creek. While savouring his brew
magpies erupt into their song. He strokes his beard of grey
while smiling with contentment from the fuel that starts his day.

"THE 'DOUBLE-DECKER' AT THE 'EKKA."

© Peter White

My mate Dave and I were at the EKKA for the day.
We strolled down sideshow alley and slowly made our way
to the shooting gallery where we each took a shot.
Both were pretty hopeless. We missed the bloomin' lot!

In the distance we could hear a bass drum's steady drone.
We went off to find the source and we were not alone.
Down the middle of the alley, crowds of people went.
We all ended up at Jim Sharman's boxing tent.

All his boxers, eight in all, were lined up in a row.
Jim, himself, encouraging the crowd to have a go.
"Come and have a go! You'll earn some money, friend.
Who will have a go at the 'darky' on the end."

(Not PC I know, but that's how it was back then.
I've not heard that word since I can't remember when.)
Some young bloke spoke up and Jim ushered him inside.
All of us paid our five bob to see how well he tried.

Shaping up they eyed each other waiting for the gong.
Big Jim gave the bell a ring. This fight would not last long.
The young bloke started gingerly. He looked a nervous wreck.
The boxer gave the 'one-two' double. The young bloke hit the deck.

Big Jim said, "Come on, chaps. Give something for his show."
We reached into our pockets for some florins we could throw.
"Well, Pete," Dave said to me, "I guess that we could say
that young bloke met a 'double-decker' and he was in the way."

WINNERS OF THE 2023 Silver Tree Poetry Competition

Thank you to everyone who entered our poetry competition - we had over 160 entries this year!
Big thank you to Robyn Sykes for being out judge this year. Turns out she also does a pretty good Elvis impersonation
And thank you to Lori Emmet and Maureen Clark who did all of that background work that goes into running competitions

the winners are:

Overall Winner:
Home - Verity Laughton
Highly Commended:
Eating out - Bob Topping
Commended:
Fred - Paris Rosemont
Tin House Town - Jude Aquilina
Sealed with a Kiss - Tom McIlveen
The Dairy - Tom McIlveen
Protective Pinny - David Atkinson
Cafe Transitory with Toto - Allan Lake

Local:
Winner:
Children of the Bush - David Robert Lehman
Honourable mentions:
Vicarious - Andrew Lee
The Silver Teapot - Elizabeth Blackmore

Youth Results:
Winner:
We always knew - Finnegan Swift
Highly Commended:
Out of the Void - Shadab Safa
Honourable mention:
The Pirates - Miranda Ilchef

Congratulations to everyone!



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FOLLOW THE PATH TO MORE EFFECTIVE WRITING

- PUNCTUATION

with

Irene Dalgety Timpone

Every individual writing genre, whether spoken or written, can be vastly improved, in many different ways, with the correct practical usage and literary enhancement of punctuation. In the English language, the use of 'pointing' dates back to the 15th century. The word, 'punctuation', derived from the Latin root, 'punctus', meaning 'point', dates from the 16th century. The rules, which still apply today, have been complete and relatively unchanged since the 17th century.

Punctuation, from the earliest days, has been described as an aid to the understanding and correct reading, both silently and aloud, of handwritten and printed texts. That basic definition and the attendant rules still apply today. That is correct! The colon has not become obsolete: nor has it been replaced by the semi-colon; and the comma, semi-colon and full stop cannot be replaced by -, -- and --- respectively. Oh, yes, that has been tried – and by an esteemed contemporary Australian Bush Poet, too.



The proper purpose of punctuation is to indicate the breath-pauses of the language in the spoken form. The Greeks had that all established by the 5th century and other languages eventually followed their example. In English, the basic rule for punctuation is: The comma, semi-colon, colon and full stop should be used respectively according to the length of the breath-pause which would naturally occur in speech. It is interesting to note that the effective reading of any text is actually the speaking of the text aloud in the mind with full attention to all the punctuation marks.

Punctuation marks are structural devices: they indicate the relationship between particular words, phrases, clauses and sentences; they help a writer to clarify meaning and to avoid ambiguity; they indicate grammatical connections; and, very importantly, they indicate to a reader where specific pauses and changes of vocal tone are required. I refer here to the lowering of the voice for a full stop or ellipsis; the elevation and sharpening of voice for an exclamation; the interrogative tone that should accompany a question mark.

Above all, the correct interpretation of punctuation marks is the key to effective comprehension of the English language in each and every one of its many genres. This is extremely relevant to writers, readers and speakers of verse. Our principal aim is to be understood and appreciated. I recently read a Bush Poem that had been published on the Internet. The poem was written with six 6-line stanzas. There was a capital letter at the beginning of the first word in the first line. There was a full stop at the very end of the poem. No other capital letters or punctuation marks appeared in the poem, whether they were needed, or not. Sadly, the narrative element was excellent and the poem showed great potential; but the poem was a dismal failure due to lack of basic punctuation such as the full stop, or its equivalent, at the end of every sentence.

The most important punctuation mark is the comma. The most important rule associated with the comma is this one: ***In any sentence, where a word, phrase or clause comes before the subject and verb of the principal clause, the word, phrase or clause must be followed directly by a comma.*** That is written, word for word, as I learnt the rule from my Grade 3 teacher. Failure to follow this basic rule causes more ambiguity in the English language than any other error. Unfortunately, this rule is frequently broken by media writers. At the same time, news readers often do not make the required pause when delivering the news. Because these omissions have been made, it is no wonder that readers and listeners often fail to understand the true messages intended to be given. Failure to place the comma necessary after an initial word, phrase or clause can lead to serious ambiguity or sheer nonsense.

Recently, I was informed that I needed help in learning how to write a complete sentence. I was unsure whether to laugh or cry, so I swore – very loudly. This came about because of my use of the colon to join together two complete sentences. I was informed that the colon was no longer used and should be replaced by a semi-colon or full stop. The colon is still alive and well, I am happy to say, despite being misunderstood. The same can be said for many of us. The semi-colon and full stop have distinctly different functions and purposes from those of the colon. The colon is a very handy symbol to have up the sleeve of the writing hand. ***When I see a colon, I know that, provided the writer understands the function and purpose of the colon, the words that follow the colon will bear a close and identifiable relationship to the words before the colon.*** Here are a few examples:
Grocery list for Monday: Dine chicken mince, best quality beef mince, cream, cat biscuits, bread, butter, salad bits and pieces. (The colon introduces a list of items or examples.)

To err is human: to forgive is divine. (The colon indicates a balanced connection between two parts of the sentence.)

Punctuation marks are useful devices: they indicate structural relationships within sentences. (The colon indicates the link between a statement and one or more examples.)

The colon can be used to indicate the insertion of a quotation or to introduce segments of direct speech: both are neat and convenient. (The colon links a statement and a comment or additional information on the statement.)

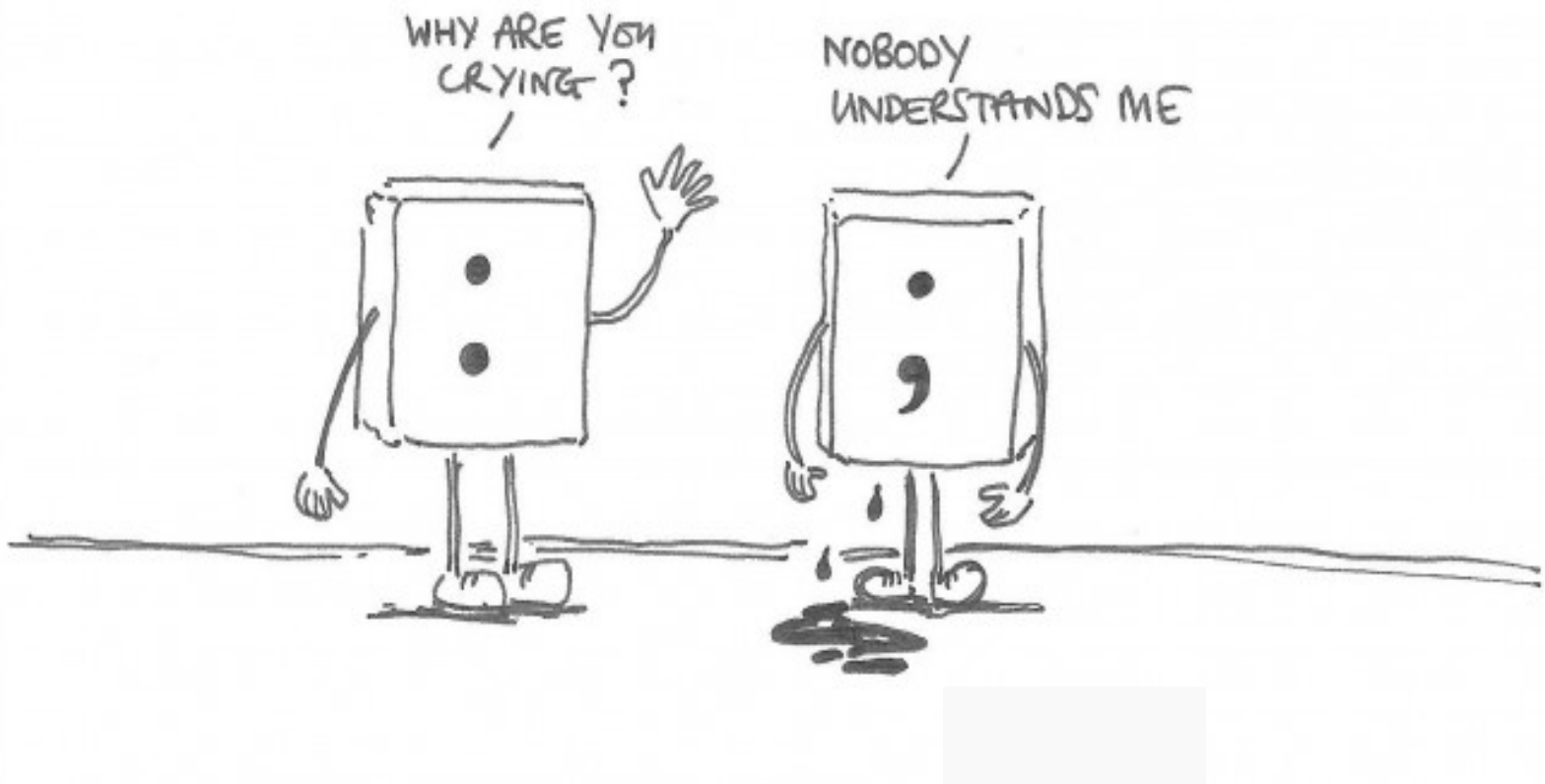
WHY SHOULD WRITERS ADD THE COLON TO THEIR REPERTOIRE OF PUNCTUATION SYMBOLS?

I cannot dispute the claim that I frequently use the colon. I do – in the many genres in which I write. I justify this by saying that I use the colon accurately and only for one of its well-established purposes. I use the colon most frequently when writing poetry: there are strong reasons for this. RHYTHM is important in all forms of creative writing because writers have an inherent need to create sequences of words that flow. Even in Free Verse, there is a need for a flow of words that enhances the overall work.

As members of the A.B.P.A., we all know the restrictions enforced upon the writer by the general requirements of metre and rhyme. The rules have become extremely rigid with regard to metre. Syllables are counted, and woe befall the writer with one too many weak stresses in a line! That would have been okay in the days of Lawson and Paterson, but not now. The imaginative use of punctuation, such as the use of the colon to turn two sentences into one, can overcome the problem of the extra syllables needed as 'articles' and linkages. The alternative, as seen clearly in "The Man From Snowy River", is to use an endless stream of "and", "but", "so" and "or". This is commonly seen in many contemporary Bush Ballads with 4-line stanzas.

An additional advantage of colon use is the potential control of the speed at which the lines flow. There are several ways to increase the speed; but I will focus on the colon. Punctuation marks share many of the functions of road traffic signs. If you follow them carefully, you should arrive safely. The STOP sign equates to the FULL STOP, the longest pause, the biggest breath. The COLON equates with a ROLLING STOP, useful when there is a STOP sign at a railway crossing that no train has crossed in twenty years. Such a stop is worth the threat of a fine because your vehicle does not lose momentum – and 99% of the time, you will get away with it. This gives the writer the advantage of maintaining a steady flow of words when describing a horse race, an avalanche, a pursuit, an unbroken fall, or any type of continued action. The colon placed at the end of a line of verse has the same effect as enjambment / the use of the run-on line. The lines run on, unimpeded: the excitement builds; and the syllable count is met.

Come on, be a sport. Try a colon or two. There is no pain involved. I am not talking about a colonoscopy.



Results Linvillee 2023

Hi Neil, here are the place getters in the inaugural "Linville Bush Poets Bash" last weekend.
Below is the list of place getters.

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

- 1..Suzanne Honour
- 2 Jan Facey
3. Debby Berryman

ORIGINAL POEM

1. Jim Cosgrove
- 2.Ken Reimers
3. Andrew Pulsford

ENCOURAGEMENT AWARDS

Previously Published... Sam Greer
Original.....Janet Munro

Judges were Peter Frazer and Mick Martin
With help from the very efficient Patea Frazer.
The Toowoomba Bush Poets were the main drivers with North Pine Bush Poets in support, in fact Logan Poets can take a bow as well. Paddy O'Brien competed and kept things rolling along very efficiently. Paddy stood in for Mal Beveridge who was a late scratching due to him contracting shingles, pun intended. Pete Frazer and Mick Martin worked in with locals including the Linville pub and a great BnB called Montrose on Moore. They nominated a rural blokes mental health charity called "Are You Bugged Mate?". Through lots of hard work and gentle persuasion they raised \$1,328.00 The charity was started by a Toowoomba Bush Poet called Mary O'Brien, not to be confused with Paddy's wife Mary.

Total competitors in each section....14..

The weekend was a huge success with poets from all over. This will be an annual event which promotes Bush poetry to new audiences and gives a chance some some good, old fashioned mateship around a camp fire.

Results of the Open Adult Section of the 2023 Cloncurry Prize.

Open Results
The Cloncurry Poetry Prize 2023

1st – Remembering Mary by Penny Lane
2nd – Heroes of Yesterday by Tom McIlveen
HC – Unsung Heroes by David Campbell
HC – The Women of the Outback by Bronwyn Blake

Thanks and Regards
Shelley Hanson

Results of the 52nd Bronze Swagman Award for Bush Verse 2023

Winner: Catherine Lee, Mona Vale. NSW.
"The Tale of Molly Riley"

Runner-Up: Kelly Dixon, Hivesville. Qld.
"With His Face to the West"

Third Prize: The Jean O'Connell Memorial Award
Keith Lethbridge, Armadale. WA.
"Only a Housewife"

Highly Commended:
Max Merckenschlager, Murray Bridge. SA.
"Spot the Victim"

Kelly Dixon, Hivesville. Qld.
"The Froth on His Glass"

Keith Lethbridge, Armadale. WA.
"Walkabout"

Tim Borthwick Award: Chandra Clements, Helensvale. Qld.
"The Outback Child"



A BIG shout out to all Members.

Submissions for Magazine are at an all time low.

**Please consider supporting your ABPA Magazine before we disappear
into Digital only format, or all together due to lack of content.**

**We are relying on a small handful of regular contributors to submit entertaining
content to keep you both up to date on Bush Poetry events and new and refreshing
Australian Bush Poetry.**

Please consider supporting your ABPA before it is too late.

**Thank You
Ed**

Ever walked within the silence
of the headstones and the graves
and read the lives of those time quite
simply couldn't save.

The dates, the words inscribed
of the strangers there within,
a line or two from who knows who
... maybe friends or next of kin.

I read from those departed
knowing one day I'll be there,
with hopefully a word or two
of something mine to share.

And I read through curiosity
about that life between the dates,
and wonder how that life was filled
through how the words collate.

I was told of one inscription
and it doesn't matter where,
of a soldier of the sixties
who had laid it all out bare.

With words so powerfully written
to wake the sleeping world ahead,
a message from the heart... indeed,
sweet wisdom from the dead.

So powerful in its context
from a time of wide disdain
toward the few who suffered terribly,
time and time again.

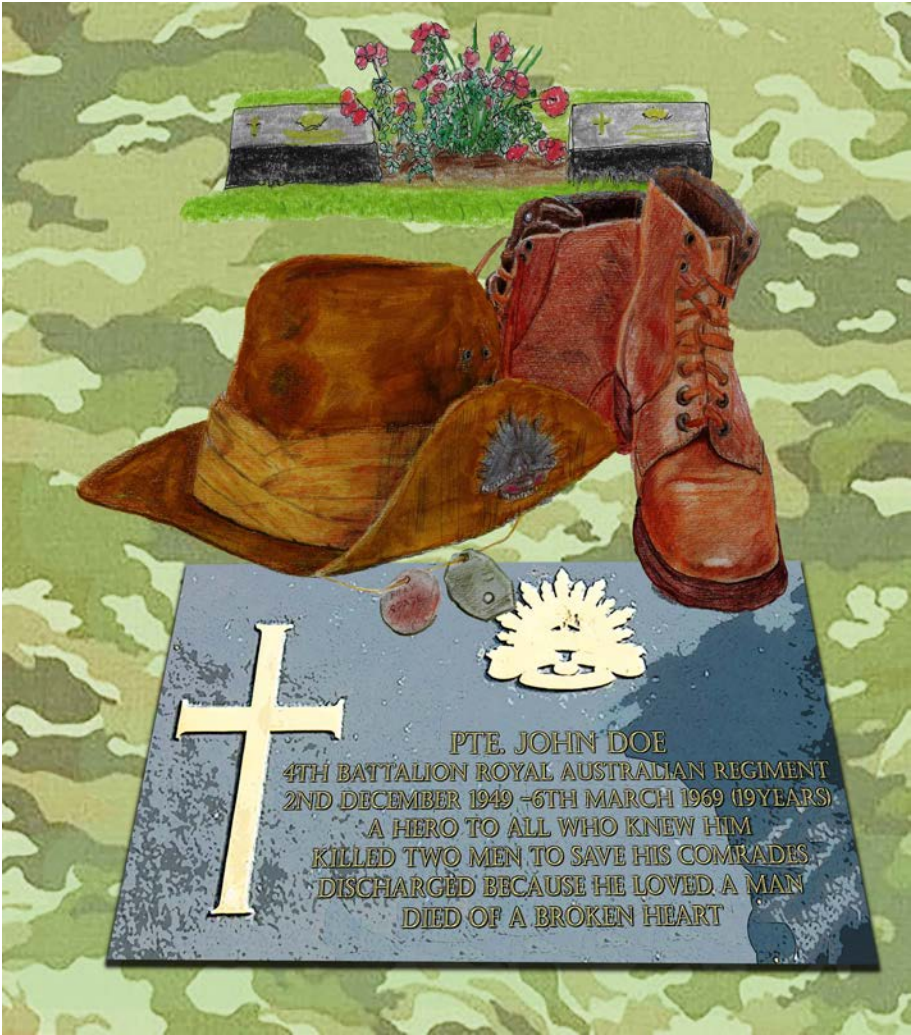
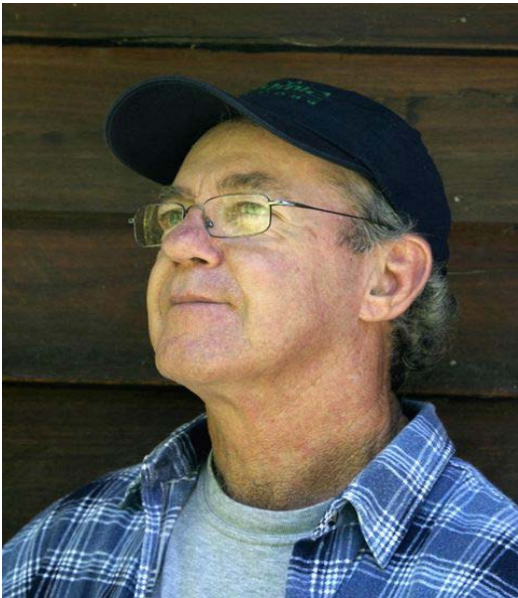
From an ignorant cruel society
heads set firmly in the sand,
and a majority in the sixties
who refused to understand.

This simple recognition
on one private gravestone plaque,
to say the least his message
will forever leave its mark.

The gravestone and its wording
like a beacon stood erect,
with the words 'Gay Vietnam Vet'
or words to that effect.

Nothing outlandish really
in this evolving day and age,
but the words that followed those
wreaked of time enduring sage.

'Killed two men...got a medal'
in words not all that large,
but the last line said it all
... 'loved one man — and got discharged'.



Artwork © Keith Blake 2023

Bunyip was a two pub town,
One of them up and the other one down,
One of them the bottom and one the top.
Both of them were pleasant places to prop.
Along with the thought and support of its pubs;
Bunyip could boast of its two cricket clubs;
One 'Bunyip Footballers' – had a humourous twist –
No footballers signed on, to its membership list.

From nineteen sixty to sixty four,
I taught school at Longwarry which was just next door
To Bunyip, where I had many friends,
From the Lodge and cricket and teaching trends.
Doc Baldwin provided for my family's need
With medical treatment and advice to heed.
I played for 'The Footballers' the "Would be Winners" –
Whilst 'Doc' captained Bunyip with his off-break spinners.

From 'Pakenham' burb to Drouin station,
Just the one GP for that whole situation -
Based at Bunyip on the Gippsland line
The Doc was a very good friend of mine.
Kindness and caring was my description
Incorporated into every prescription.
He examined his patients with the greatest aplomb;
Just where does he get this cheeriness from?

Admired, respected and solid as a rock,
Everybody knew him as 'The Doc.'
Aside from his penchant for potions and pills,
The Doc's greatest passions were cricketing skills.
A slow off-break bowler of shrewdness and guile
Dismissing his victims with a mournful smile,
So apologetic as if in doubt,
'I'm sorry I had to get you out!'

In a successful career Doc loved the best,
His captaincy of 'The Gippsland West' –
A combined side picked for Country Week,
Showed his leadership skills and bowling technique.
A twitching shoulder at the bowling crease –
A looping delivery to slowly release -
Bald head bobbing, elbows pumping
In quest of a 'caught and bowled', or stumping.

Thirty – Forty – Fifty - his birthdays came around
As the years passed him by, the Doc could be found,
Older, wiser and cagey enjoying the game
While the local newspapers added to his fame.
His collapse at the crease was a terrible shock
He died as he lived, playing cricket, The Doc!
A legendary reputation, well-known and beloved
His final ball bowled, and safely gloved.

It was some years after I'd left Longwarry,
That a friend phoned to say, 'He was so sorry
To tell me the news, that the doctor had died'.
Though nearing sixty he still had his pride.
Perky and keen, in apparent good health,
Bowled the slowest of slows, but with patience and stealth.
He had bowled his last ball as he slumped to the wicket,
The Doc's final farewell and his tribute to cricket.



The Celebration On Dead Dog Hill

© Max Pringle

A peaceful place was Dead Dog Hill, where the locals as a rule,
When their kids weren't needed on the farm, would send them off to school,
So Athol Murphy went to school, on a few days of his life,
But even so most of them he spent getting into strife.

He nailed up both the dunny doors on the school Long Drop, one day,
And the pupils had to use the bush, a half a mile away.
He tried hard to look repentant, but he really couldn't fake it,
Bursting out in fits of laughter, when told some didn't make it.

When they let him lay a paper trail they told him what to do,
But he tore the bag, and tied it to the school's pet Kangaroo,
The kangaroo was hopping mad and tore off through the trees,
While bits of paper jolted free, and floated in the breeze.

It was later, in the school yard, where Athol stood amused,
As the teacher and the pupils, returned, all black and bruised,
But the teacher had now had enough, and at Athol's pranks rebelled,
So he sent for Athol's parents, and poor Athol was expelled.

He worked around the family farm for another year or two,
Before drifting to the nearest town to see what he could do,
He got a job down in a mine, where the pay was pretty good,
But even here his sense of humour, was seldom understood.

Except by young Ginger Ralston, and a bloke called Nipper Yates,
And it wasn't long before all three became the best of mates,
They got up to all kind of tricks that amused all three no end,
Until they finally found they were each others only friend.

Meanwhile, back on Dead Dog Hill, there was cause for consternation,
The school had stood there sixty years, they'd need a celebration,
They sent letters to the Bishop, who might dedicate the day,
To the Mayor and local Member, and all those who'd moved away.

So all the men rolled up their sleeves, there was plenty to be done,
They'd paint the school and clean the yard, there was work for everyone.
The women got into the act with cooking, and with sewing,
By the time the day arrived, all was positively glowing.

They set the tables on the lawn and laid out a sumptuous spread,
For tablecloths they had to use the best sheets from off the bed,
Along the verandah they set out, some chairs for V. I. Ps,
And the Bishop, and the Mayor, and local Member sat on these.

They'd also got a microphone that was mounted on a stand,
And right up until lunch time, things went as they had planned,
Even Athol and his two mates, who had turned out for the day,
Had been like perfect gentlemen, and kept well out of the way.

Having spent most of the morning down beside the storage shed,
Standing beside a makeshift bar, making full use of the keg,
When it was getting on to lunchtime, they heard some bloke nearby,
Talking about some gelignite that he'd hidden on the sly.

The custom was to blow some gelly at functions, way back then,
And the job of seeing all went well was left to trusting men,
'cause the timing would be crucial, as the idea was to shock,
So they'd hidden it away from sight, beneath a nearby rock.

Athol got this bright idea, and his mates thought it was funny,
They'd knock off a stick of gelly and drop it down the dunny,
It was Ginger, got the gelly but he thought one mightn't do,
So he thought he'd make a job of it, and grabbed another two.

Then Nipper tied them all together and set them so they'd blow,
"This ought to get a laugh" he said and liven up the show
All three being full of confidence, as well as full of drink,
But had they all been sober, they be unable still to think.

"It'll only make a small bang," were the words that Ginger said,
Go and drop it in the dunny, and we'll hide behind the shed,
As luck would have it, mother-nature, never called a soul,
From the time that Athol Murphy dropped the gelly down the hole.

Meanwhile, the M. C., grabbed the mike, as he welcomed everyone,
"He hoped they'd all enjoy the day, that it wasn't overdone,
Just to see so many old hands here was something of a sight,
He trusted they'd recall this day with much pleasure and delight."

Then he introduced the Bishop, and the Bishop blessed the day,
Then invited those attending, to join with him to pray,
They were standing round like lost sheep, their heads bent low in prayer,
When the gelignite exploded, and the stuff went everywhere,

There was no sign of the dunny, not a single trace was found,
The only evidence it stood, was a huge hole in the ground,
While the contents of the dunny, had been liberally scattered,
On the people and the buildings, with every window shattered.

There was panic for a moment, then the M. C. called for calm,
While the parents checking children, to see they hadn't come to harm,
The place looked like a battlefield, but at least no one was hurt,
Although everywhere and everyone was covered with the dirt.

While the Mayor and Local Member, had been sheltered where they sat,
The Bishop copped the brunt of it, and the M. C. lost his hat,
As the women started cleaning up the men all gathered round,
They'd a good idea who done it, but the three could not to be found.

When Athol Murphy realised, what this little prank might cost,
He and his two mates bolted, two shades whiter than a ghost,
Since that time, they've not been sighted, anywhere around the town,
But they have been seen in Darwin, but no longer clown around.

All the news of the disaster, quickly travelled far and wide,
Until dead Dog Hill was famous throughout the countryside,
While the school still bears the battle scars, loads of tourists come at will,
To hear about the celebration, that day, on Dead Dog Hill.



RED JACK

Submitted by Jack Drake

Quite a bit has been written about the outback Queensland identity known as “Red Jack”. Most of the legend springs from an epic poem penned by Dame Mary Durack recounting her uncle Michael’s brief meeting with an enigmatic horse backer, riding a black stallion, who met a Cobb and Co coach he was aboard between Cloncurry and Hughenden.

RED JACK

by Mary Durack

She rises clear to memory’s eye
From the mists of long ago.
Though we met but once in ‘98
In the days of Cobb 7 Co.

‘Twas driving into Hughenden
With mail and gold for load
That I saw Red Jack the wanderer
Come riding down the road.

Red Jack and Mephistopheles –
They knew them far and wide
From Camooweal to Charters Towers
The route they used to ride.

They knew them round the Selwyn where
The Leichhardt has its source,
Along the winding cattle ways –
A Woman and a horse.

And strange the tales they told of them
Who ranged the dusty track:
The great black Mephistopheles
And the red-haired witch Red Jack.

She claimed no name but that, they said
And owned no things but these:
Her saddle, swag and riding kit,
And Mephistopheloës.

And often travellers such as I
Had seen, and thought it strange,
A woman working on the line
That crossed McKinlay Range.

Had seen her in the dreary wake
Of stock upon the plains,
Her brown hand quick upon the whip
And light upon the reins.

With milling cattle in the yard
Amid the dust fouled air,
With rope and knife and branding iron –
A girl with glowing hair.



‘Red Jack’s as good as any man!’
The settlers used to own:
And some bold spirits sought her hand
But Red Jack rode alone.

She rode alone and wise men learned
To set her virtue high,
To weigh what skill she plied her whip
With the hardness of her eye.

I saw Red Jack in ‘98
The first time and the last,
But her face brown-gaunt, and her hair red-bright
Still haunt me from the past.

The coach drew in as she rode in sight;
We passed the time of day,
Then shuffled out the mail she sought
And watched her ride away.

And Oh! Her hair was living fire,
But her eyes were cold as stone;
Red jack and Mephistopheles
Went all their ways along.



Red Jack cont.....“Red Jack” the solitary, man hating woman who travelled the outside tracks with no companion other than her great black horse ‘Mephistopheles’, has become something of an enigma in history but as often happens, there is a fair gap between fantasy and reality.

“Red Jack” was born Hannah Glennon at Westbrook just outside Toowoomba on July 18th, 1872. Her parents John and Catherine (nee Pickham) were an Irish immigrant family of whom Hannah was the youngest. John Glennon arrived in Brisbane as a free immigrant aboard the ‘Monsoon’ from County Kilkenny on August 17th, 1854. 1 He worked as a bullock driver before settling on his small holding at Westbrook.

Her mother, Catherine, also arrived as a free immigrant on the ‘Genghis Khan’ in August 1854 from County Limerick. The pair were married in Queensland on June 11th, 1855. 2

When Hannah who was known to the family as Annie, was one year old, her father began to lose his eye sight. Her mother and an older son, Bill, ran the property until May of 1874 when John Glennon died. Shortly afterwards, Catherine re-married a man named Daniel Ryan and brother Bill left home to work on stations in the west.

Bill Glennon became a very proficient stockman and horseman. On his visits home he would bring a small mob of unbroken horses which he then broke in ably assisted by his young sister. Having a brother 15 years older as a tutor, Hannah soon learned the horse breakers’ trade. She idolised her brother and gained a name for herself as a rough rider of noted ability.

A witness to her talent, one William Beit, son of a Darling Downs grazier, wrote an account in the North Queensland Register years later in 1946. “One day in the home yard, I saw her ride in breeches, boots and spurs. The horse was a low set, short backed, strong boned animal said to have been sent from the Lockyer district just to try Hannah out. He had already thrown the best riders on the Lockyer and Black Peter Rouse from the Logan. She saddled him in the ring yard. Getting the reins righted, Hannah took a lug hold (twisting a horse’s ear to hold it still) on him and landed on his back like a fly and rammed the spurs into him. The outlaw held his wind giving seven or eight vicious bucks and pulling to get his wind, he made two more desperate attempts to unseat his rider. It was a picture to see Hannah sitting calmly and unconcerned, like a “swell” in his Rolls Royce.” 3

Bill and Hannah sold the horses they broke in around the Toowoomba area but it was not long before tragedy struck the teenager’s life. In 1885 her step father Ryan died which affected her more than the death of her natural father whom she had been too young to remember.

The following year, Catherine married again to a man named James Bell on October 24th, 1886. The relationship was a stormy one and a year later she died while travelling from Toowoomba to Westbrook in a spring cart. Her husband was arrested on suspicion of murder but was released when no foul play could be proven. 4

Bill and young Hannah tried to keep the farm going but eventually had to resign themselves to the inevitable and sell up. Bill returned to western Queensland to the stock work he loved and Hannah was cared for by her stepfather’s son and his wife. Soon misfortune struck again. In 1888 word came that 31 year old Bill Glennon had been killed in a riding accident near Thargomindah.

Hannah was devastated. The older brother she idolised who had taught her horsemanship and probably represented something of a father figure was no more. At 16 years of age she gathered a few saddle and pack horses and headed west. By this time Hannah Glennan could be described as an attractive young woman. Farm work and riding had kept her in fine physical condition. She was tall for a girl and that capped by a mane of red hair, made for quite a striking effect. She did stock work and broke in horses at Wallumbilla in the Maranoa, joined a droving plant as horse tailer and met a 26 year old boundary rider named Thomas Doyle at Charleville.

She and Doyle were married in October of 1889 but where Hannah may have been a dab hand as a horsewoman, she was no judge of men. Thomas Doyle turned out to be a bad bargain. Suspicious and abusive, he accused her of being unfaithful and threatened to kill himself. Hannah was obviously not about to put up with mind games like that for very long, so she left. By this time she may or may not have known she was pregnant. The pair attempted a reconciliation the following year and their first child Daisy, made her appearance on July 1st, 1890. Daisy only lived for a few days and soon after that Hannah left again expecting her second child.

She booked into the Blackwater Hotel at Adavale and Doyle followed her. When threats failed to convince his young wife to return to him, he got up to his old emotional blackmail tricks and threatened suicide again. Hannah was not about to fall for that line twice and she gave Doyle a very definite “No!”.

On January 26th, 1891 Thomas Doyle borrowed a single barrelled shotgun from Alex Shepherd, mine host of the Blackwater Pub, saying he wanted to shoot a turkey the next morning. At about 1 pm on the following day, a shot rang out and Doyle was found with a gunshot wound in the stomach and his shirt on fire. Shepherd and a saddler named Val Ganly, carried him to the hotel dining room where Malcolm Webb, the local doctor, attended him.

Hannah heard the gunshot and the publican’s wife cry “Doyle has shot himself”. 5 Doyle called out “Don’t go please Hannah. Come to me”. Hannah said “Tom what made you shoot yourself?” The reply was “It’s all through you Hannah” 6 Doyle lingered until 3.40 the next morning. It would probably be fair to say Thomas Doyle was as good as his word about shooting a “turkey” Not wanting to stay around Advale, Hannah is said to have moved west to the Coopers Creek country near Windorah where her daughter Mary was born on July 10th, 1891. 7 By this stage she had dropped the H from her Christian name and referred to herself as “Annie”.

It seems that sometime around then, people began referring to her by the nickname “Red Jack”. Annie Doyle worked at a variety of trades. She apparently took employment as a cook and laundress at times as well as the more masculine pursuits of stock and horse work. She took on droving and woolshed work and has also been recorded post cutting and railway labouring.

Information about the next few years of Hannah-Annie’s life is fairly scant. She is known to have been in the Cloncurry area where she developed a keen interest in horse racing. The Sydney Bulletin reported a match she had with a Chinese rider “As a rule “Jack” had a decent horse or two and was eager to make a match. She made one at Cloncurry with a Chinaman for £10 (\$20)-one mile-owners up. The race came off on a Sunday – all Cloncurry attending. It was a very close thing and in the struggle for home “Jack’s” hair, red – hence “Red Jack”, came down, ditto the chink’s pigtail. The lady won by a bare half length. She was a good “bush-man” and would take on any sort of work for a spell – her favourite jobs being droving and cooking. Didn’t drink, but could swear like a bullocky”. 8

It was also in Cloncurry that she put her daughter into the care of a convent. Free again, the restless “Red Jack” once again roamed the backblocks with her horses and quite often a male companion.

Red Jack cont..... Another of "Red Jack's" racing episodes when she was cooking for a shearing team near Winton, was recorded by an anonymous scribe. "Annie was new in that part then. An attractive sporting event at a shanty down the track, billed for the cutout was the magnet. An unknown horse was entered for the double as A Doyle's 'Cuddy'. Annie's offsider put it about that Cuddy was a brumby that he had helped run in from the wilds, and that he couldn't head a donkey. "But I've been kiddin' the old girl that there's nothing around here can beat him," he added, "and she's going for a plunge on him if there's any bettin." There was plenty of it and there were Calcutta sweeps that provided a prize of £50 (\$100) in all for the winners of the two principle races. The alleged brumby bred Cuddy jogged up before the starting time, carrying the cook, resplendent in riding pants and boots, a white silk shirt, and a green veil wound around her red mop to keep it together. Cuddy was an ugly moke, whose drowsy look heartened those who had wagered against him. His preliminary was a pint of beer, administered by the off sider from a bottle. "Her ladyship doesn't drink" he remarked "but her horse does. See the sparkle it puts in his eye! He'd challenge anything on legs now. Puts the spirit "f speed in him". Annie Doyle rode him herself and to the surprise of the crowd the donkey-licked the whole bunch in both races. As soon as the stakes were paid, she strapped her pack on Cuddy and rode away. When the shearers looked around for the offsider, he too had departed." 9

"Red Jack" had used the dodge of entering her pack horse which was a race horse from a long way away, under a different name, quite often. She did not subject her "flying packhorse" to any extremes of grooming, preferring to have her entry looking as rough and unkempt as possible. She was described as always having "a Carbine in disguise" with her. 10

By 1893 she was in the Blackall district and had another child there, a boy she named George, on September 22nd, 1893. 11 It was also there or at Cunnamulla, that she married for the second time at a registry office ceremony, to a man named Robert Watson on November 22nd, 1894. Nothing is known of the duration of the marriage or what happened to Watson, but by 1897 Hannah had farmed her son out to somebody and was roaming Western Queensland again.

Some time in 1898 she met the coach carrying Michael Durack on the Cloncurry-Hughenden road. It was from this meeting recorded in Durack's diary that Dame Mary Durack penned her fictitious poem "Red Jack". Just like the poem, a fair bit of fiction has been written about it's subject, Hannah "Red Jack" Glennon-Doyle-Watson. There is absolutely no evidence to suggest she ever travelled much further west than Cloncurry, but one writer has her in The Northern Territory's Top End being romantically pursued by Hugh "Scotty" Campbell, a member of The Ragged Thirteen. 12

The Ragged Thirteen was a bunch of larrikin rascals who came together while travelling to the Halls Creek gold rush in the late 1880s. Around that time Hannah is reliably recorded in South West Queensland having her own problems with her first husband. The generally accepted theory that she was a solitary man-hater is fairly questionable as well. By the time of her death on June 7th, 1902, she had produced four children by three different fathers, so it would seem she demonstrated her supposed hatred of the opposite sex in a rather unorthodox manner.

The most common falsehood told is about how "Red Jack" died. She has been consistently reported to have been injured in a horse fall while mustering cattle near Chillagoe in December of 1904 after which she died at Mareeba. What really happened, took place two years earlier.

Hannah took up with another man named Harry Jackson with whom she had child number four, a girl named Ada Mary born at the Tate River Mining Settlement on May 3rd, 1902. A contributor to the Townsville Daily Bulletin told how he was fencing at Doners Hill Station near Normanton in 1900. In his words the letter said "Red Jack, Annie Doyle was there with a man named Jackson". The writer who signed himself as TMW went on to say how Hannah and Jackson went through Normanton on to the Tate and how she died a couple of years later as "Mrs Jackson." 13

This is also covered in the first part of the letter about "Red Jack's" horse race at Cloncurry. "Died recently at Mareeba, NQ, Annie Doyle better known as Red Jack who had for years been well known in Outback Australia. Constantly travelling and never stopping long in a place. There is hardly a far out township or back track in Queensland that she hasn't visited." 14

Another correct reference to Hannah's passing appeared in The Capricornian. "Another old hand whose light has gone out lately is "Red Jack" who by the same token was a woman, not a man as the name would imply....."Jack's" light went out in Mareeba, and the Gulf loses one of its most noteworthy characters....." 15

When Ada was born, the birth certificate gave her parents as Mother – Annie Glennon Doyle, Father – Harry Jackson. The child was born as Ada Mary Jackson. 16 A few days after the birth "Mrs Jackson" became ill. She was taken to Mareeba hospital where she died on June 7th 1902 from complications due to a retained placenta. The yarn about a cattle mustering accident definitely provides a more romantic exit for the wild horsewoman of the western lands dying in a hell for leather horse fall. That is the most likely reason for its widely held belief.

Hannah 'Red Jack' Glennon-Doyle-Watson– Jackson was buried in the Roman Catholic section of the old Mareeba cemetery. Her grave remains unmarked. The old Mareeba papers were burnt and the cemetery index damaged so there is no record of that plot number. She was 29 years old.

Some years ago a marker was erected by well meaning people in the Church of England section of the Mareeba cemetery. The grave it adorns belongs to an English woman named Hannah Watson (nee Pollant) who had not been long in North Queensland. 17 It was an understandable mistake. This Ms Watson was born in England circa 1849 which made her 23 years older than Red Jack at the time of her death. 18

Hannah Glennon was definitely born Roman Catholic. 19 So it stands to reason she would be buried in that part of the Mareeba grave yard.

That is the story of "Red Jack". She was definitely a different character. Despite dressing and working like a man, she never hid the fact she was female. Legend has called her a man hater but if she really did not like males, she certainly spent quite a bit of time in their company and having their children even if she proved unwilling to rear them. Michael Durack's diary says "she helped us rummage for her mail" 20 but other sources report she was unable to read or write. If this was true how did she ever come up with a name for her horse like 'Mephistopheles'? On the other hand, the only reference to that name comes from the poem so it is likely to be poetic licence that began and ended in Dame Mary Durack's imagination.

The fact she was an extremely competent bush worker cannot be denied and is echoed in Durack's poetry line "Red Jack's as good

Betty Olle Poetry Award 2023



- For traditional Australian rhyming poetry with an Australian theme.
- Open and Junior (12 years and under) sections.
 - Open section - First Prize \$500 plus trophy.
 - Runner-up \$200 plus certificate.
 - Junior section - First Prize \$100 plus trophy.
 - Runner-up \$50 plus certificate.
- Entry fee - Open \$15 per entry form (2 poems)
 - Entry fee - Junior section - free.
- Closing date - 31st August 2023.
- Entry forms and conditions of entry available from the ABPA website - events and results page.
- Conducted by the Kyabram Bush Verse Group in memory of foundation member Betty Olle.

The aim of the Betty Olle Poetry Award is to provide an opportunity for poets to share their work, to encourage the writing of new work, to acknowledge the skills of our junior poets, and to keep the spirit of Bush Poetry alive.

Enjoy the Entertainment At Friday Nights Camp Oven Dinner!

Don't miss the Yarnspinning at Sunday's Poets' Breakfast!

Hosted by Carol Fleuchan

KOTR
Biannual
Written Poetry Competition

22-24 September 2023
Rosedale Horse Complex
MURRURUNDI NSW

Written Poetry Winners will be announced during the Poet's Breakfast Sunday 24th September

www.kingoftheranges.com.au

Note : Sunday 8.30 am 2023 Inaugural Yarnspinning Competition!

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Murrurundi 22-24 September 2023

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\$400 Prize money!

Original Serious 1st \$100 2nd \$30 3rd \$20

Original Humorous 1st \$100 2nd \$30 3rd \$20

Best Poem overall will receive an additional \$100

and your name on the magnificent Outback Heritage Trophy.

Any topic. ABPA Guidelines Entry fee \$10 per poem

Critique (if requested) additional \$10 per poem

The Secretary, Kay Seath (KOTR)

17/28 Deaves Road, Cooranbong. 2265

Enq: 0416 262399 Email (enquiries only): kaysie2@hotmail.com

Regular Monthly Events

NSW

"Laggan Bush Poets." The Laggan Pub, Laggan NSW. The 1st Wednesday of every month, starting at 7.30pm. For further details contact Mike or Elaine on (02) 4837 3397

Gosford Bush Poets meet at 7pm the last Wednesday of every month at the Gosford Hotel, crn. Mann and Erina Streets Gosford. All welcome. Contact Vic Jefferies 0425252212 or Peter Mace (02)-4369356

Milton Ulladulla Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Group First Sunday Every Month at Ex Servos Club Ulladulla 2pm start visitors welcome contact John Davis 02 44552013

Binalong - A Brush with Poetry @ Cafe on Queen, 15 Queen St. In the studio by the Balgalal Creek. Last Sunday of every odd month (except January), 2-4pm Open mic. Contact Robyn Sykes 02 6227 4377

The Queanbeyan Bush Poets meet at 7pm on the fourth Thursday of the month in the Old School House at Christ Church, 39 Rutledge St, Queanbeyan. Enter via Church Lane. Contact Laurie McDonald on 02 6253 9856

POETRY IN THE VINES PORT MACQUARIE... the 4th Sunday of the month at Douglas Vale Winery. 235.Oxley Highway, (next to Westport School)...Port Macquarie. Contact Tom Mcilveen Ph..0417251287

Katoomba Poets in the Pub 2nd Sunday 2pm at Blackburn's Family Hotel. All forms poetry, free entry. Contact Denis Rice 0459 794 785.

Singleton Bush Poets. Meet at the Albion Hotel, John Street Singleton. 7pm on the first Tuesday of each month. Contact Neville Briggs 02 65711398.

Wombat Bush Poets meet at 1.30 pm at the Young Hotel for poetry, music and open mic. Last Sunday of even months except December. Contact Ted Webber 0459 707 728

Australian Poetry Hall of Fame- Guyra Wednesday Words Open Mic Poetry 6:30pm every Wednesday. 144 Bradley St, Guyra Contact James Warren 0423 478 656 www.australianpoetryhalloffame.com.au (Free RV camping at the Lagoon)

QUEENSLAND

Toowoomba Bush Poets meet on the second Saturday of each month at the meeting rooms in the Toowoomba library. We meet between 10 am and midday, Read..write..recite or listen Everyone is welcome. Contact Peter Frazer 0401130636.

North Pine Bush Poets Group Open Mic- Visitors welcome! Pine River Men's Shed, Old Petrie Town, Dayboro Road Kurwongbah- 1st and 3rd Sundays of most months 9a.m. –12 noon. Contact Mal on 0417765226 or Howard on 0431689054.

Kuripala Poets - last Sunday of the month 2pm to 4.30pm, Croquet Hall, 91 Codelia St. Sth Brisbane. Contact Marilyn 0458 598 683

Geebung Writers - 9.30 am every 2nd Wednesday of the month at Geebung RSL. Contact Jean (07)32654349

Bundaberg Poets Society Inc. 2nd Saturday of the month. Rum City Silver Band Hall, Targo Street. Contact Jayson (07) 4155 1007 Edna 0428 574 651 or Sandy (07) 41514631.

Beaudesert Bush Bards meet on the Second Friday of each month from 9.30am at the Beaudesert Arts & information Centre, Mt.Lindesay H'way, Beaudesert. Phone 07 5541 2662 or 3272 4535.

Russell Island Writers Circle - 2nd Thursday of the month at 9.30 am. St. Peters Church Hall (Next to IGA). \$2 donation. Contact Trish (07)34091542

Shorncliff "Poets of the Park" "Poets of the Park" meet at St Margaret's Church Hall in Sandgate, beside the primary. every 3rd Tuesday from 5-45 pm contact 042 15 14 555

Townsville Bush Poetry Mates Inc. BUSH POETRY MATES Inc. meet monthly at the Aitkenvale Library meeting room. For information on current day & times, please phone Barry on 0487 195 156. Visitors always welcome. Come along and join our group.

Bribie Island Bush Poets meet at 6.30 pm on the 4th Monday of each month in the Conference Room of the Blue Pacific Hotel, Woorim on Bribie Island. Contact Cay - 07 34083219

Logan Performance Bush Poets - meet 2nd Sunday of every month, 9 to 11 am at the Beenleigh Historical Village. 205 Mains Road Beenleigh. All Welcome. Breakfast available Ring Gerry 0499942922..

Victoria

Kyabram Bush Verse Group – Second Sunday of every even numbered month at the Kyabram Town Hall 199-209 Allan Street Kyabram. Enter via rear door off the Bradley Street Car Park 2pm. Contact Mick Coventry 0427 522097.

Gippsland Bush Poets meet Monthly, 7.30pm on the 2nd Thursday of the month at the RSL Hall in Hood St. Rosedale

Top of the Murray Poets and Bush Storytellers (TOMPABS) meet Monthly (mostly Tuesdays in Corryong) for writing workshops, Monthly on 3rd Sunday for Music and Poetry at Maurie Foun's 'Poets' Paradise'. Contact Jan Lewis (02) 60774332

Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets - Third Sunday even numbered months, except December when second Sunday. Bendigo Club, 22 Park St, Strathdale (Bendigo) 1pm to 4pm. Contacts: Geoffrey Graham 0412725470 or Ken Jones 03 5441 5121

Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society Inc. – Meet third Saturday each month/except January. Ross House 247-251 Flinders Lane Melbourne All Welcome. From 1-30pm till 4-00 pm. Contact: Maree Stapledon: 0408 100 896

Mansfield Bush Poets Group - Second Tuesday of the month 1pm - 3pm, Mansfield Library. Contact Val Kirley 0400 654 596

WA

Perth 1st Friday monthly 7-9.30pm The Auditorium, 26 Plantation Drive, Bentley Park. Contact Rodger 0419 666 168 or Sue 0418 941 016

Albany 4th Tuesday monthly. Contact Peter 08 9844 6606

Bunbury 1st Monday even months 7pm. Rose Hotel. Contact Alan 0400 249 243 or Ian 0408 212 636

Geraldton 2nd Tuesday monthly. Beliar Caravan Park. Contact Roger 0427 625 181

Kalgoorlie 1st Wednesday monthly. Kalgoorlie Country Club. Contact Paul Browning 0416 171 809

Hi Neil,

Please note the following summary of activities of the North Pine Bush Poets. I have attached the draft proof of both sides of the bookmarks we had designed and plan to distribute through businesses, events and libraries.

For NPBP, 2023 has been a year of reconnection to our community. After gaining a community grant from Bendigo Bank we have set about with the goal of increasing our membership and our profile both online and throughout our community.

We have printed off new signs, business cards and bookmarks which we plan to distribute through our networks and during live events. We initiated our inaugural Tribute to the Anzacs event to raise funds for Legacy and while numbers were modest this year, significant funds were raised. We expect this event to grow as the public becomes more aware of it. Our members themselves showed great enthusiasm for the event and their level of performance and interest was accentuated.

In addition to our twice monthly meetings, some of our members have been reaching out to the community through events such as the Ipswich Show, the Anywhere Festival, workshops with schools, performances for local groups, Linville Poetry Competition, Caboolture Heritage Village and the upcoming Ekka competition. One of our members, Suzanne Honour won at Linville and Mick Martin is continuing to be driving force in all the forementioned competitions. Already we have gained two new members this year and we are hoping to have many more visitors at our poetry meets.

Unfortunately one of our stalwart committee members, Mal Beveridge had to stand down from the presidency at least until his health improves, but his role has been ably filled by Manfred Vijars.

Howard Kennedy (Secretary)



**NORTH PINE
BUSH POETS GROUP INC.**


First and third Sunday
of each Month

Pine Rivers Mens Shed

Old Petrie Town
Heritage Village Markets
Dayboro Road Petrie
9am till noon



Facebook: North Pine Bush Poets
Web: northpinebushpoets.com
Email: secretary@northpinebushpoets.com



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It's not yellowing with age!
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Live from page to the stage!

The **Bush and the City**,
`no subject is spared.
Come read, recite, or listen
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TRADITIONAL...MODERN and ORIGINAL..
there will be individual cash prizes and trophies
for each division, with an extra cash prize and
trophy for overall champion..."POET ON THE
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performance will also be run on days preceding
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...enquiries phone either
Tom Mcilveen .. 0417251287 or
James Warren ..0423 478656*

